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Original Poem.

THE EYE THAT SLEEPETH NEVER

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

There is no eye that sleepeth never,
Eye by mortal ken unseen;
That like sentinel ever watcheth
Round our pathway watching keen:
He's a thrill, a ray of gladness,
Form'd to bless by God's own will,
Knows the heart to shade of sadness,
But that eye doth look at the will.
That stern eye that sleepeth never,
Forth never, smirks the wicked,
Wind, or water, or fate, or distance,
In this world may part us far:—
How he looks at our existence,
Hail of nails or guiding star;
Yet that eye that sleepeth never,
On our wandering footsteps, there,
Like a mother's, watcheth ever,
Up from death our feet to bear!
Pilgrim, in the desert pining,
Hopeless, with not chart nor sight—
Where are Mamre's fields? declining
Long'st to kiss the hidden shrine?
On the desert dark and vast,
On the silence drear and sad,
To Life's Heavenly Father's breast,
Thou shalt reach that isle at last;
Pilgrim, in the desert pining,
With the darkness round you set,
Prisoner! pain, and feint and lonely,
Tenant of the sunless cell;
Where the clang of bars may only
Strike thee like a dull death knell;
Know the eye that sleepeth never,
Marks thee wan and ghastly grown.
Marks thy life lay anguished over,
Through thy walls so dank and lone.
Marks thine pain and feint and lonely,
Through thy walls so dank and lone;
Pirate! on the howling ocean,
That dost laugh to scorn the gale,
O'er the wave in mad commotion,
Before thee driving the whaleland,
While thy blood-red blade is flashing,
Down in no saving eye is tear!
On thy cheek no pallor dwelling,
Learn to tremble and to fear;
Pirate! on the howling ocean,
Steadie thy dagger, pause and fear!

Murderer! to thy victim stealing,
By the moon's enchanted beam
Where the shadow, no sound revealing,
Drops the dagger, soft glides
Though the stillness to embolden,
In the dead of night forever,
And the midnight seal so token,
Through the strange, unearthly gloom;
Murderer! to thy victim stealing,
God's stern eye looks through that gloom!

Original Tales.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT.

THE DISHONORED CHECK.

A Tale of London Life.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Arrived at his chambers and flinging the reins to his tiger, Frederick hastened up stairs and commenced a rummage among his papers, and an examination of his accounts, grumbling out from between his compressed teeth sundry execrations at his quondam friends.

"The lying, contemptible, money-mongering wretches; to hand me up in a corner and fasten on me as they would on a common swindler devoid of honesty, and incapable of truth. Curse them! but I will be equal with them yet."

And yet, after all, if our friend had but given the matter a thought, they were not so much to blame. They only wanted security or money—nothing but their unquestionable due. All Frederick could offer them was protestations and promises, things valid enough in a rich man, but mere words, verbiage or chaff in the mouth of a poor one. They cautious, prudent, thoughtful souls could not imagine any reason why security denied of common sense as to allow months to pass over without looking at an account, or opening that test volume of their industry—the banker's book, and ascertaining the real state of course, they judged that he must have known when he gave them a check for so large an amount as £1,000, that it must have the effects it now had—and if he did know this, they thought it looked something rather like a swindle, or, as the last resource of a desperate, if not dishonest man; accordingly, they set themselves to work to make themselves as secure as possible under the anticipated loss.

Frederick found his accounts in almost hopeless entanglement. The accounts of purchase and sale, of stock, shares, &c., had been, as received, generally thrust into his pocket, and there remained, chafing and wearing away, until their bulk became a troublesome, and then they were thrown pell-mell into the drawer of his bureau. Some were torn in half, in others the dates were worn off, while many appeared lost altogether. Asserting them in the best way he could, and making a debtor and creditor account of the purchase and sales, he reduced them to something like order, though still very far from correctness. Then taking his banker's book, he took from its side pocket all the checks which had been presented and paid by his bankers, and carefully examined the signatures to see that they were all his writing; he found them all regular, and all entered correctly in the order of their dates in his debtor and creditor. He next took and remarked all his checks on private account, and here he made a discovery—a most perplexing, incomprehensible, and overwhelming discovery. He found that he had spent upon himself in twenty-two months, not less than six thousand five hundred and odd pounds.

Pooh, nonsense! I must have got two or three heavy bonuses during that time, or I could not have he must over the items again; they were all her "well!"—petty cash,"—or to pay some one or other for his tailor's bill, or his wife's milliner's or private transactions.

Six thousand five hundred pounds!—impossible!" and he started up and walked about the room with an unequal step; sometimes pausing and rubbing his head as if in pain, and then striking it with his hand as if in very abstruse thought. "Where can the money have gone to, it must be a mistake, and he sat down to examine the account again. The figures were all there, every addition can possibly correct—the money was gone—spent, melted, vanished. He tried to recollect how, when, and where he had spent it. In pastures, horses, and articles of frivolous taste he could trace a couple of thousand gone. In furniture and clothes perhaps a thousand more—the rest was a blank—he had some faint idea of its having slipt through his fingers, but it seemed like a dream.

Just at this juncture the messenger from Hancock & Co. arrived, to take possession of the removable valuables, and to install a protector in the shape of an adjutant bailiff in possession of the immovables. The business of removal was soon effected, and pictures, plate and jewellery were deposited in a light spring wagon—while, for the horses and carriages an order for delivery upon the stable-keeper was given, and the messenger departed, leaving on bailiff in the house paying his addresses to the cook for something to eat.

In an hour's time the messenger returned with the intelligence that the livery stable keeper would not permit the removal of the horses and carriages until the amount due for a fortnight's stand was discharged, amounting to twelve guineas.

This was exceedingly inconvenient, as Frederick had not much above that amount of change, and now the magic of the check-book was gone, he might be very short indeed.

"They are all alike," he muttered, as he deposited the amount in the messenger's hands, and was again left alone to pore intensely over his perplexed budget of expenditure and deficiency. He thought and thought, and tried to discover how he had spent his money, but in vain; a mist seemed to gather over his memory, and his mind grew confused and bewildered. Hour after hour long on his brow, as if he were panic-struck. At length wearied and disgusted with his sickening task, he flung the papers away from him, and retiring to his room tumbled himself on his bed all dressed, as he had driven from the city, and dreamed that he had cut a villain and a swindler, was hunted by the police, and took refuge in the magnificent drawing-room of the elegant and fascinating Lady ——, at which he had ever been a welcome guest, and while in the very act of escaping from the window, with the beautiful sister, was poisoned and handcuffed in the very midst of a brilliant assemblage and with the abhorrence of the guests, and was in the act of was marched off to Bridewell prison. He awoke in a terrible flurry and felt devoutly thankful that it was only a dream.

About ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, his valet awoke him again, with the information that two men were at the gate and had asked a good many questions, as to where he was, and wished particularly to see him—and added the shrewd remark that he looked like bad news—dear sir in my opinion, they look more like a couple of Bow Street messengers than anything else; and I thought as if you knowed of anything wrong, you might dive down the back staircase, and I'd find that you had gone out for a message."

"Well," thought Frederick, "this is another scene in the drama, my dream is surely going to be realized—however, Robert shan't have them in," he added aloud.

"Show 'em in, sir, did you say?"

"I say show them in,"—he, they accordingly were shown, and walked up deliberately to Frederick, one on each side, and remarked that "they were sorry to trouble a gentleman, but they held a warrant for his apprehension, and when he had time they would trouble him to go with them to Bow Street."

"A warrant for we apprehension!" exclaimed Frederick.

"No, 'tain't no mistake, it's a warrant out against you, at the suit of Messrs Hodge, for obtaining goods under false pretences."

"Pooh, pooh, ridiculous," said Frederick, "it is a mistake. I'll go with you directly—come along."

"Hadn't you better shave and dress first" said the officer, "there's time enough, and you're rather dirty."

"No no, come along—I can do that when I come back."

"Just as you—by all means; anything you like, said Frederick impatiently, and the trio descended the staircase, entered a coach, and were speedily in the presence of the magistrate; while the servant and bailiff kept a solemn debate upon the reserves and the cause, and the matter a perfect bustle.

"Well, and Fred to himself as he saw all three comments. "London is evidently getting uncommonly warm. Yet if I go I shall be considered a deranged swindler, and if I stay I can look to body in the face, and even if the matter was all right, people here would be horrified, and then these accursed exposures who will never see the bottom of a coal mine and only feels half safe on entering upon dry land."

Just about this moment the Times in its police report announced that "yesterday a disagreed rose looking personage calling himself Frederick Harrison Esquire, and living in the right Honorable Mews Lodge, was brought up in the custody of two officers before Mr. Twyford, charged with having obtained by false pretences, from Messrs Hodge out of a valuable horse worth £140, by the stale trick of a worthless check. It came out in evidence that he had passed the check on Messrs Hodge, and remanded until Tuesday next."

The Morning Chronicle followed the world: that the well known West End fashionable, Mr. Frederick Harrison, whose orchestre equipage has so frequently graced the Park and Kensington Gardens, was brought right before the sitting magistrate at Bow street yesterday, charged with something in the shape of swindling. The case was heard at some length, and the account and the case remanded until Tuesday next."

The Morning Post' which had so often chronicled his name as the guest of nobility and fashion was equally severe upon the subject, but somewhat in a more delicate style, and with its bungling attempts at explanation upon every hypothesis but the correct one, made the matter a perfect bustle.

"Well, and Fred to himself as he saw all these

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many pieces that are unsuitable on account of their length. These or four good verses are best for these columns. Long pieces—and a miscellaneous one will find acceptance, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

OUTTEN'S LIMNER is received, but with every disposition to oblige our friend; we are afraid we shall be compelled to decline it. The name of the poet we do not like. We think that our friend was deserved in the allusions of "Cincinnatus" and that author of a good poem inserted old man, he was a selfish old hypocrite. The justification that it was necessary to break the wife's heart by cold neglect, in order to insure their mutual happiness in the next world, is rather too shallow for don't believe a word of it—he had some more earthly motive than all that, depend upon it.

MESMERISM.

We often see singular statements in the papers, purporting to be accounts of wonderful cures effected by means of the Mesmeric influence; but such is the difficulty of determining the truth or deception of such statements, that they exercise but little influence over our mind in relation to that most doubtful of sciences, Mesmerism. And yet there are instances universally within the circle of our own knowledge, that seem to confirm much that has been said in relation to this singular subject, and almost force us to believe that there is really some truth, where we have been often tempted to think there was nothing but imposture and credulity.

A case occurred recently in the neighborhood of this city, the actors in which are all well known members of the sober society of Friends, that cannot but surprise, even if it does not confound the incredulous. The facts for the main features of which we can vouch, are these. A young lady was taken ill some eighteen months ago, of a fever resembling, in some degree, the Black Tongue, which our readers will remember was so prevalent in certain sections of the country a year or two ago. Owing to the effects of the fever, together with the severe occasioned by the death of a sister, she entirely lost the use of her limbs and lay for twelve months helpless in her bed. During this time, she was, we think, constantly attended by a regular Physician. At the end of this period, as the course of treatment that had been pursued seemed to produce no effect a Thompsonian practitioner was called in, the result of whose labors was such that she was enabled to sit up, though she still remained unable to walk the slightest step. She should have mentioned, however, that coupled with this bodily paralysis, was an inertness of mind, so that she could remain for days and weeks without taking the least notice of any one, or in fact doing anything, save eating her usual meal once a day.

About some ago it was suggested to her father to try the effects of Mesmerism. He had very little faith in it; as in fact by this time in any thing; but still wished to learn nothing useful that might possibly restore a beloved child to health. Accordingly a physician from this city who is acquainted with the Mesmeric operations was solicited to ascertain what could in this matter be done. He waited on the young lady who had been seated upon a chair near the window, and, after comparatively few passes, she looked out in to the garden and said how pleasant it was that the only was able to walk there. "Well, then can do it," replied the physician—and rising and offering her arm, she actually arose and walked with him into the garden. Since that time she has been growing steadily better and better, and more than in the labors of the day with the rest of the household.

The feelings of her family upon seeing this wonderful change in her condition, may be better imagined than described. They laughed and they wept, with amazement and with joy—it was as if a miracle had been performed in their midst. They could scarcely credit the evidence of their senses, for there was the joyful fact constantly before their eyes—she that was to all appearance hopelessly bed-ridden had been restored in a moment, as it were, to bodily and mental vigor. It was a glad, a blessed day to all her father's house.

We do not undertake to explain this singular circumstance—we do not even say that it was the Mesmeric influence that worked the happy change—we give the facts, and leave our readers to form their own opinions. We understand that the father of the girl, himself, when questioned upon the subject, smiles and tells the stranger "You now know all that I know, judge ye each one for himself."

For ourselves, we have no hesitation in avowing our belief that Mesmerism is not all a deception, for enough we were never put into the Mesmeric sleep, we have felt a soothing in our senses under the influence of the Mesmerizer, that was entirely beyond our own control, and which affected us unpleasantly for many hours afterwards. That the spirits of men and much nearer together, and more intimately connected, than to the common belief, we are certain. There are hete enough in the existence of every man, to prove that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made" in this respect. And we have sometimes thought, that this new sensibility of the operation of men to Mesmerism and to other spirits, than that involves the superiority of the spirit over matter, might be mercifully intended in the providence of God, to counteract the material tendencies of an age that gives to the almost miracles of its own weak hands, the Steam Engine and the Telegraph, and yet doubts to an alarming extent those miracles wrought for the power of Divinity itself, and recorded in the inspired volume of its professed faith.

PERCY BYSCHE SHELLEY

"It is said that when the body of the Poet Shelley was found, after his unfortunate death in the Gulf of Spezia, the heart was the only portion that the fire did not consume."

It would be easy to deduce a moral from the above, that we glean from a Boston paper, as Shelley was one of the saddest and purest hearted of men. He held singular opinions upon many things, and rather inclined to be an his head was concerned, to infidelity, but he would have carefully removed from his path even a worm, that his further progress might have endured. A lover of no alive with gentleness, and so open to all kindly and benevolent impulses, that his very vices, in his actions, were his theory of life was false and wrong. Only over one lamentable circumstance in his life would the heart unwillingly smile or fail to weep, and even in that, his assertion of his wife, it was not that he acted selfishly or unjustly in his own case, but that others and society arranged them selves as sagain of light, and beguiled the heart that would have loathed them in their own proper shape Peace to his spirit! Reviled by the generation among whom he lived, a succeeding generation have looked upon his life with calm, impartial and loving eyes—and the mild fire of their strictures flow, while it has given much else to the vagrant and to the winds, has spread the true heart of Percy Shelley.

GENERAL HOUSTON.

This distinguished gentleman delivered an address before the Hall of Industry Association of that city last Saturday evening. We were unable to be present, but are told that his remarks did him credit. The object of the Association is certainly a very commendable one, for there is no part of our city that requires, in a greater degree, the attention of the benevolent, and perhaps none that has received of less than the northern district.

THE LYNN BARD.

We are great admirers of good poetry, and therefore feel an especial friendship for all "poetic" and when we can do it without too much inconvenience like to give any one whom we may chance to come with a share towards immortality. Actuated by this laudable motive, we would beg our readers to close their eyes, and hold their breath, while we favor them with an effusion which was fed in the Lynn, (Mass.) News, from the "Lynn Bard," so as to modestly term himself, it gives sufficient proof in the short extract of his being gifted with "the vision and the faculty divine." There are no two feet to the lines, but he rotten right to do that, in the manner that most doubtless pleases very acceptable to the lady, and with a brevity that is one of the highest poetic beauties. Here it is:

TO THE FAIR INCOGNITA, WHO LEFT A BOUQUET WREATH OF FLOWERS AT THE LYNN BARD'S COTTAGE, ON SUNDAY EVE.

The gentle maids which wrought the wreath
To cheer the Bard's long lonely hour,
Would gain more joy his head beneath,
Whose pain more sorry are poesy.

LYNN BARD.

Such a verse as the above, could not fail to produce an effect on the mind of the fair one that made the wreath was sent to the Bard, probably by the same lady, on the next evening, to which, also, he responded, in a rather longer strain, as he was by this time fairly waked up. We cannot deny ourselves the gratification of laying those verses, also, before our readers—and would merely in connection, that we shall keep an attentive eye to the matrimonial columns of the Lynn News, for we feel assured that such a display of flowers and poetry, is not going to end in nothing.

TO HER WHO SENT ME A MAGNIFICENT WREATH. BY THE LYNN BARD.

Lady! the breezes of morning fan thee!
Lady, the zephyrs of evening woo thee!
Angels and ministers of grace hover thee,
And bring sweet peace and happiness unto thee!

The holy stars shine sweetly on thy slumber!
The dews of Heaven engraft rich blessings o'er thee!
Joys unfeigned around thee without number,
And purest friendship strew the path of thee!

The guardian angel of the good attend thee,
And fill thy heart with love for all mankind!
All who have hearts of gentleness befriend thee,
And love lend sweetness to life's sunny hours!

The fondness of thy heart be kept in bloom,
Bright as sweet flowers in dew in golden fountains!
And memory twine a chaplet o'er thy tomb,
Such as the rays of morning on the mountains!

LYNN BARD.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

We have the following account of the Completion of Seven, appended at a late town meeting in favor of the Central Railroad between Philadelphia and Baltimore:

We have not had time to give this subject the attentive examination we could have wished, but from the little investigation we have been able to make into it, we are compelled to unite with the great majority of our citizens, in the belief that the Central Railroad between Philadelphia and York, is now to demonstrate whether Philadelphia is determined to make a bold push for the first rank of American cities, or whether she is contented to sit down idly, while New York, Boston, and even Baltimore, shall take everlasting precedence of her. The strongest argument, in fact, that we have heard on the other side of the question, was based upon the belief that those that urged it, that there was sufficient energy and public spirit in Philadelphia to complete, even if she should begin, the Central Railroad. How it is very evident, it is railroad through this State cannot be built, that it is much more for our interest that the merchandize and produce of the West should go to Baltimore than to New York.

We do not know what the feeling is among our fellow citizens, but we have been so simply this that if, after going such strenuous exertions to defeat the Bight of Way, engendering as the cross passions, that stand testing between the two rival cities of our Commonwealth, our merchants and other monied men do not come forward and take hold of this great work with a will, they will be ashamed that our list was ever cast among such slender streaks of moonshine as the capitalists of Philadelphia.

Since writing the above the subscription books of the Railroad have been opened, and there is now every prospect that this city will be the builder of the work, with a spirit that she has not evinced for many past times. Indeed, the greatest feature, about which was the eminent Quaker, Thomas P. Cope, led the list with subscriptions of $40,000 each; and all those seem generally disposed to contribute, and the absolute necessity of this railroad's going West.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

The following from the Louisville Democrat of the 13th, settles the question whether or not that gentleman has volunteered for the war:

"Captain Cassius M. Clay passed up and down Main street, yesterday morning, with his splendid Cavalry company. Their different movements were performed with skill, ease and celerity. This is the oldest Company in Kentucky, and one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in the Union. It has been in a constant state of organization ever since the last war. It is now composed of the best looking set of men, and is decidedly one of the best looking companies we have ever seen. It may be equalled, but we will lay a small wager that for bravery, efficiency, courage and daring, it will have no superior at the end of war. If there is war for them, and they do not win their full share of glory and renown, we have much mistaken their leader, Capt. Clay."

By the way, one of our brethren of the press, in an article highly eulogistic of Mr. Clay, calls him a "gentleman of the old school." We wanted on the young fellow that has been seated on a chair near the window, and, after comparatively few passes, she looked out in to the garden and said how pleasant it was that the only was able to walk there. "Well, then can do it," replied the physician—and rising and offering her arm, she actually arose and walked with him into the garden. Since that time she has been growing steadily better and better, and more than in the labors of the day with the rest of the household.

NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The following is from the N. O. Picayune of the 19th inst.

We have been gratified with an interview with Mr. Diamond, our former Consul at Vera Cruz, who sailed from that city in the United States mail ship Mississippi, on the 30th ult. Mr. Diamond informs us that Santa Anna's arrival was duly expected by many persons in Vera Cruz, and that the country was ripe for his reception. A plan of a Federal Government, to consist of making the present Constitution of 1837, upon which it was supposed the Federal and the Santa Anna parties would unite. The Federalists were ready to make loud against the Government by themselves, but when joined by Santa Anna's adherents, the success of the two combined could scarcely be doubted. This plan, Mr. Texas question was alarmed over, nothing being said about it. Mr. Diamond thought it quite probable that Santa Anna and Almonte would arrive at Vera Cruz by the next steamship from Havana; this, however, was doubted by some well informed persons.

The period for the general elections had passed, and it was not thought that a sufficient number of Congressmen were elected to form a quorum. Pacheco is waiting for the meeting of Congress, to get himself elected to the seat of Chihuahua, and the head of his thousand men—avowedly for the Rio Grande—but the better opinion seemed to be that there was no danger of his getting it.

The death of the Archbishop was a heavy blow to the monarchical party. Upon his death-bed the ambitious prelate repented that he had not been he spared to assist in consummating the schemes of that faction. With him the hopes of the monarchists fell.

The Departments are pronouncing against Paredes in every direction. The Departments upon the Churches and the States have rendered him more unpopular than before. It is not thought he can maintain his power for any considerable length of time.

Recruiting for the army was going on at Vera Cruz, but only a few men, and those of the worst sort, were found willing to enlist. In the city of Mexico, Government expresses arrived frequently from the army, but no news of their contents were allowed to transpire of late, the impression was that the Mexicans had met with disaster.

In regard to the large English squadron upon the Pacific, Mr. Diamond is of opinion that these vessels had been sent there with ostensible and proper question. He does not think it probable that they have any instructions respecting the war with Mexico, as the attention of England is in existence of the war. Touching this matter, however, there is room for doubt. The British fleet of Western Mexico was quite small, the Admiral of which, the Pic ific join it, as was expected by some, it would be a very formidable force.

Mr. Diamond, previous to leaving, drew up and forwarded to the Mexican Government a remonstrance against the outrages committed on Texas leave within eight days or withdraw into the interior. The sixteenth article of the treaty between the United States and Mexico provides that, in case of war, the citizens of each country living on the seaboard shall be entitled to six months, and those residing in the interior to twelve months' notice to leave the country.

AMUSING SCENE IN MATAMORAS.

The high price of dry goods in Matamoras, owing to the Mexican Tariff is well known. Several enterprising Yankees, since Gen. Taylor has taken possession of the city, have moved on, opened stores, and are selling goods on "cheap principles," much to the chagrin of the old Mexican prices. But double the usual American ones. It is an amusing scene to witness the crowd around these stores, on receipt of the news that the Mexican prices. Flerdy dressed women, racehorse, monkey fashion and negroes all eager to purchase goods at "cheap prices." The Yankees are doing a thriving, with a rapidity truly appalling to a phlegmatic Anglo-American.

In the mean time, the "old established merchants" are looking upon their neglected stocks with sorrowful eyes, and their countenances bear not get the greater part of them by retreading the revenue, they have cost more as before to the Custom House officers and to other Mexican functionaries than the Yankee's charging prices—This species of warfare is rapidly converting the cupids over to the Americans, and, unless they can only to fully learn that they can have cheap goods and the employment of their capital, to abandon their Government as rapidly as they have their high-priced stores.—*N. O. Paper.*

INFORMATION WANTED!

Of a Lady who left Boston in April, 1847, married a gentleman in Detroit, Michigan, by the name of Ezra Gregory, and with him left that city on the same day for Texas, and for Port Philadelphia, Pa. Since their departure, nothing has been heard of them, nor their particular place of residence known, consequently the writer has not been able to communicate to have correspondence with them, by the name of Ezra Gregory, or Mrs. Ezra Gregory.) any information concerning them, or that shall apprise Mr. Gregory and wife of the necessity of their appearing at Mrs. Hayne's Washington st. Geneva, Onondaga County, N. Y., on or before the first day of September next, to attend to the business, and which will be received by a fond mother and widowed friends, who have entertained many fears as to their safety since the 15th of April.—*Boston Herald.*

A QUESTION.

Can any one tell us why direct taxation is to repulsive to people in general? It is, we acknowledge, so to us. We would rather pay five dollars away any time, in the increased price of a suit of clothes, than to pay it direct to an ugly and disagreable tax collector. We do not know the case it seems, at least, as if we were getting something for our money? It must be this. No, it cannot be, for every man pays more than his share of the burdens of others should be so silly. There must be a good reason for it, and there is a good and easier to pay taxes indirectly—but we do not see exactly why.

While our readers are pondering the question, they may also ruminate over another. Why are all tax collectors ugly and disagreeable? That they are so, is generally known. Can any one explain why? We have no theory of our own, and fixing the first. Mr. McDuffie was taxed as the collector fixed to be.

GREAT LIBEL CASE.

Col. Webb, of the New York Courier and Enquirer, has brought an action of damages in a libel suit recently instituted by him against Bennett. He would suggest to the gallant Colonel, that he could have the matter settled through the edge of the sharpener, and a blue, or perhaps, red ribbon (as the Colonel is a native sanguinary gentleman) passed through it, and colored to be worn fixed to the button hole or passed loosely around his neck, as a silver metal is usually worn. This would not only settle the matter in a gentlemanly way, but it would be a passport through the streets, and would be a warning to all to keep out of their own affairs in future. It has been suggested to Dr. Baron to have the Rules of constitutions of one cent each—it is supposed the amount could be easily procured in New York city alone.

POOR PUNNING.

We give the following specimen of the poor metal not pressing we have seen this year. The sufferer should be blackballed with indictment for it.

An American paper says that the Mexican army is a grand project hill through. Had it been carried out at that time, we should this day have been in the possession of California and not the English—this war would have been avoided, the boundary of the Rio Grande secured without the firing of a gun, and all at the cost of less than the expense of a single month of the war which is now going on. I utter these facts to show, that whatever may be the result of the present war, the policy of Santa Anna in regard to the contemplated acquisition of California, is a matter fully understood by the Secretary to peruse, and which they have been left to expect in one form or another. Hence, I do not look to the issue of the present war as any thing regard to any new embarrassments with England.—*Washington Correspondent of the North American.*

AN IRISH INTERPRETER.

A Mexican paseo through the camp was amusing curiously laced with straps or raw hide, suspended on his back by a belt running over his fore head, he is carrying on his expedition. A group of soldiers stop him, and commence buying his grandad food. Everything goes on well at first as every type full of delicious fruit, and corresponded to by a picayune. A soldier that wants milk and has a picayune, but milk is scarce and only in good round English, "Mr. Mexican, let me have some milk, and I will pay you in the morning." Mongrel shakes his head, "I don't understand you. The soldier repeats his wish to purchase presently, and to pay prospectively. The Mexican is still stupid, and shakes his head. A good natured looking Irishman, who distinguished himself by his bravery in the battle of the 8th, comes to the relief of the embarrassed soldier. "Let me alone, man, he says in rotund Hibernian. "Ye mean devil, don't ye understand that Jim Fry there, wants milk and he's ready to pay for it like a Christian, and plainly then turns on his heel and marches away quietly pleased with the way he has repaid the matter of difficulty under consideration.

Notices of New Works

THE LADY'S BOOK. The July number of this popular work is received. It is filled with beautiful and fashion plate. The literary matter appears to be very full. The first article is a beautiful poem by Mrs. Sarah Lescure, including sonnets of Eva Greene Hollick, Mrs. Thomas Dunn English, Henry Clay, Miss Caldwell, Thomas Dunn English, Henry Clay, and Caswell Conarch. In his criticism upon Halleck, Mr. Poe quotes the following:

"Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom—
But they're not half so fair as flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours
Young Inez' glowing tresses."

"This," he says, "is gloriously imaginative, and the effect is singularly increased by the sudden transition from the real to the unreal. The idea of the flowers as the subject to be lived in Hallock, and *I would be at a loss to discover* any thing half so good in the whole range of modern poetry."

The closed exaggeration of this praise is only equalled by the judgment upon this literary *Fetit* passes upon the poetry of Burns:

"Burns, indeed, was the puppet of circumstance. *He was a mere child in the world—he has been one, or consequently, more absurdly overrated.*"

Well, we don't blame Poe for saying such ridiculous things, for it is his interest to do so.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The number for July, now before us, is even superior to the average quality of the numbers of this excellent work. It is filled with a rich array of fashion plates, and the literary matter is unusually good. Among the contributors we notice a very pretty written poem called The Death of Love, by our friend Frederick Pilkington, Esq., and a spirited ballad entitled Bunker Hill, somewhat in the style of Halleck's Marco Bozzaris, by the same poem, by T. B. Read, that reminds us of Pringsan.

MARCO, BEFORE AND AFTER THE CONQUEST. *By the author of "Lives of the Queens of England," "Life of Queen Elizabeth," Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.*—This is not merely an essay than a history, but contains a great deal of information in a very small compass, and a variety in which, from the circumstances of the times, is very interesting. We have called pay few dollars for it.

SERMONS. We have received from *Lindsay & Blakiston*, No. 3 of Harper's Pictorial History of England, and No. 20 part of the Illustrated Shakspeare, published by the same enterprising house. The plates in the former work are finely executed, and we can only express a very accurate impression of early customs and manners in that country.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The July number of this cheap magazine is before us. It contains a variety of readable matter, and is cheap enough. The Last Appeal." Mrs. Stephens has a thrilling story in the midst of the plain, and the reading matter generally is interesting. The work is published by Mr. Gould, and is sold by the ladies, at better than usual.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL. *By J. S. Jewett, Jun., Philadelphia.*—This is a weekly publication, and this book in any one wishing to acquire a knowledge of the history of Europe, during the present century, as applied to the study of ancient history, will find this work of great assistance.

LUCIFER TAMO. *By the author of Lemuel Tower, The Ballet Harper & Brothers, New York.*—This is a novel of the Bulwer school, and is filled with the usual characteristics of that class of writers. The scene is laid in Paris, and the Tuileries, The Palaces, and The Boulevards are described with a minuteness that is very interesting. Price 12½ cents.

THE LADIES' GARLAND. The July number of this popular magazine is before us. It contains a variety of readable matter, and is filled with engravings. The Last Appeal." Mrs. Stephens has a thrilling story in the midst of the plain, and the reading matter generally is interesting. The work is published by Mr. Gould, and is sold by the ladies, at better than usual.

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Local Intelligence.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—On Thursday night week, as Mr. Wm. C. Hall, of Hall's Store, Bucks county, Hill, was robbed of $510, by two men, while passing along Richards street, above Broad, in the city. The robbery occurred near the front of the residence of his father, in Elizabeth street, above Fourth, and he was arrested by a man in a very friendly manner who asked him if he had not closely passed upon by him. At the same time another man stepped up and struck him a blow and taking hold of him by the collar of his coat he tried to knock against the fence, and the money stolen from his pocket. Although Mr. Hall gave the alarm immediately, by crying murder, &c., by the time assistance came the fellows were well away. The money was in charge of Mr. H. as agent for Mr. Haas, tax collector of Chestnut Hill, to be paid over to the city Commissioners, on account of collections made in that district. It was in two parcels, one containing $375, the other $135, the whole put together in a pocket wallet. Mr. H. had been at several places during the afternoon, and very imprudently, as he states, mentioned, or in some way gave out that he was the bearer of a considerable amount of money. This is indeed a daring act, yet the place being quite lonely afforded a very favorable opportunity for such an outrage, while the indiscretion of Mr. H. gave likewise a good hint to some of the many individuals that infest our city and country to take the advantage of him.

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.—A young lady about 18 years of age, living in New Market street, named Miss Ann Williams, was accidentally drowned in the Wissahickon on Wednesday morning, while on a pic nic. She had wandered off from the rest of the party, some considerable distance, in company with one or two companions and in running over where the bank of the creek was steep, slipped in. A young girl discovering her in the water, ran and gave the alarm, and a young man, though unable to swim, plunged in to her assistance with the aid of a rail, but did not succeed in his laudable and noble endeavor. He afterwards got a boat and searched for her, and discovered her body in the water by her white dress. The deceased, who was a great favorite, was a member of the Rev. Mr. Ide's church. She was to have soon been married. She leaves two sons of the party.

ACCIDENT.—Providential Escape.—On Thursday evening week a man, named Philip Clark, living in Factory street, near the Schuylkill, between Spruce and Pine streets, while passing the Mill on Pine street, in consequence of the heat of the weather, took off his coat and threw it on the window shingle of his bed, and while asleep rolled out of bed, and fell a distance of twenty feet. He was picked up dreadfully bruised, and taken to the hospital, where it was ascertained that none of his bones were broken, but he was much bruised, and has no recollection as to how the accident occurred. It appears wonderful that he should have escaped with his life. He is 47 years of age, and a large stout man.

HAIR CURE.—Spurious half dollars are in circulation, which, being well executed, are calculated to deceive the unwary. They have, however, a leaden appearance when closely examined, and may be detected by this means. Be careful how you receive what they receive. Several pieces of this description of spurious coin were passed in the market on Wednesday.

From the Seat of War

NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

The following compares all the important information that has reached this city since our last issue.

General Taylor was at Matamoras waiting for reinforcements to march on Monterey. Seven hundred and fifty men were stationed at Barita, five hundred at Point Isabel, and the remainder with the General at Matamoras—making in all about nine thousand men.

The Mexican forces were between Matamoras and Monterey, for the purpose of repelling General Taylor's advance. Report estimates them to be 15,000, but this number is probably much exaggerated. The general impression was that they would not fight, but would fall back on their resources. A good natured looking Irishman, who distinguished himself by his bravery in the battle of the 8th, comes to the relief of the embarrassed soldier. "Let me alone, man, he says in rotund Hibernian. "Ye mean devil, don't ye understand that Jim Fry there, wants milk and he's ready to pay for it like a Christian, and plainly then turns on his heel and marches away quietly pleased with the way he has repaid the matter of difficulty under consideration.

Gen. Taylor has issued a proclamation to Gen. Taylor, ordering all the Mexican soldiers in arms to give time or he should be treated by the American forces as a public enemy. Gen. Taylor was now remaining on the west side of the Rio Grande.

Volunteers have at last began to pour into Gen. Taylor's camp.

A paper called the "Republic of Rio Grande and Friend of the People," has been started at Matamoras.

The first number is dated June 1st, and the second June 7th. The motto of the paper is: "Four nations made their heroic apparance by the same cause in the field of battle." The leading articles are against the Mexican Government.

The purpose is to convince the people of Tamaulipas Coahuila, New Leon and Chihuahua of the necessity of their separation from the rest of Mexico upon the administration of Paredes the responsibility of the war. A separation of the Departments mentioned, and the establishment of a Republic on the distinct aim of this new paper. We have not room for one of the leaders' to-day but call a attention to them to-morrow.

MOVEMENTS OF THE TROOPS.—A traveller from Tampico met a government courier between that city and Monterey, bearing the news of the arrival of the Mexican army, for whom he bore orders he said, to retreat upon Tampico. This would seem to indicate that the government considered it more important to have reinforcements on upland; they will have force troops. The farmers are now busy at haymaking and the weather is for the last fortnight favorable. Barita. Among the passengers are Rev. Mr. Skinner, of New York, Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, and Mr. Wilson, of Boston, all for Matamoras. The latter is said to be the bearer dispatches.

CAPT. J. H. Harman, a watchman, of Chester ton, S. C., on Saturday night was pursuing a negro who jumped overboard. Hartman pulled off his coat in the form of handling, jumped in after the negro, and in consequence probably of the heat in which was at the time, was seized with the cramp and drowned.

The census of Illinois, in 1840, exhibited a population of 474,000. In 1845 the total was found to be 662,000. The cities of Chicago, Galena and Dallas' lessening very frequent, complaints was entered. The jury found him guilty.

The Rev. Mr. Hervey, of the Rahway N. J., Advocate says: "This destructive insect is making sad havoc among the wheat fields in this section. The field of twenty acres sown by me night ago gave promise of two hundred and fifty or three hundred bushels, will not probably be worth the seed sown in it. The fly is in the wheat by the time crop, in this vicinity, at least, will be cut off to some seven or eight years since that fly has appeared in this quarter."

FIRST CAST IRON IN MICHIGAN.—A correspondent of the Jackson Patriot, writing from Union City under date of 7th inst., says: "Two stoves were manufactured in Michigan, was made at the Union Furnace lately erected in Union City on the Friday preceding. The Company, it is said, are now casting from two to three tons of pig iron per day, and the iron is believed by judges to be of excellent quality and the ore, the product of that State, abundant.

ST. MISS KIRA Flegel, of Gotham, Me., drowned herself at Saratoga, on Thursday week. She was an operative in a factory, and had reason for an error, for which she was reprimand and had been discharged. She left a letter to her mother, written by saying the constable was after her, and she waited into the water, and was drowned. The jury brought in a verdict of suicide from insanity occasioned. Poor girl!

SCENE IN AN PURCHASING OFFICE.—Enter a lady eager fellow—Sir, I want the Constitution of the United States, Boston. Clerk—Madam, we have not a pamphlet copy of the Constitution of the United States and Mexico; but it is generally believed, now, it was merely a suggestion that she was willing of it would be acceptable to the Mexican people to make such an offer.

The Cotton Market has been reduced again to 5 cents per pound, and is dull.

There is no improvement in Grain in the London market.

Flour was dull—Philadelphia Flour under lock at Liverpool from 35s to 38s.

Prince Louis Napoleon had arrived in England and it was supposed he came to leave for Florence, there to take his final rest.

The Oregon question has now ceased to give any uneasiness.

PRESIDENT AT LUNENBURG.—The warlike tidings per Caledonia had tended to elicit sympathies in some degree, and to cause a reaction in favor of American business, which caused some little excitement in the Stock Exchange—there is not, however, a single American ship in port.

The underwriters are making a rich harvest out of the Spanish Government. The rates of insurance to New York and New Orleans are now 5 per cent., Boston 8 to 10s per ton on American vessels and 10 to 15s per ton on foreign.

The sugar duties keep alive attention. Respecting the fate of the Ministry the impression is that they will be able to command a majority, and that he is anxious to apply to sugar the free trade principle which he has extended to corn.

The annual statement of the Exchequer is given comparing the national income with the expenditure of the country, which is surplus of £2,000,000 and the Navy and Ordnance Department this year, only a surplus of £270,000, of which £700,000 was derived from China.

The beautiful weather which set in in England with the close of May, continues and the season has been oppressive. Vegetation progresses and the country in every direction presents a smiling and lovely appearance. There is evidence not only of an abundant, but of an early harvest. The country in most districts looks strong and healthy, and the potato is found to be free from disease, and exceedingly in all respects.

THE King of Prussia has ordered to be printed an edition of the complete works of Frederick the Great. It will be splendid as a typographical production; only two hundred copies will be struck off, and a copy will be presented to every foreign government.

Austria, Prussia and Russia, are apprehensive of another outbreak in Cracow, to be set on foot by the Polish emigrants in France, England, and Belgium. The three powers have taken measures of precaution. At Warsaw several writers have been made. Austria has made one of the assistance of the peasantry, by liberally remunerating them for their recent exertions.

The Chamberlain of Hanover have rejected a new law of great severity under the crown. They have also declared that there is no objection to admitting Jews to civil rights and to certain privileges.

The choice and selection of the native population of Algiers have sent a congratulatory address to the King on his escape from assassination. It is a pompous and flowery document, but is remarkable for containing the expression "your country of Algiers"—the first time it has ever been used by the Arabs since the conquest of the French.

The cholera appears to be advancing with rapid strides towards St. Petersburgh, from whence no doubt it will in time make its way to Western Europe.

From Cancosan the news is not important. The Polish soldiers in the Russian army had manifested some excitement at the receipt of the intelligence of the Cracovian insurrection.

It is asserted that the Spanish Government had offered the hand of Queen Isabella to Prince Leopold of Coburg Gotha, in order to unite the Queen of Portugal, but the courtiers, on the authority of the Ministry, denied the truth of the statement.

Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, by Cortes has been translated and has met with considerable success. It is to be regretted that the works of other American authors do not find favor with the Continent as they extend considerably the means and the political influence of a country. At present Fenimore Cooper is the only American writer at all known there.

General News.

COLONIAL OPPOSITION TO AMALGAMATION.—The Police Court in this city has recently had under consideration of opposition, on the part of a colored gentleman, to practical amalgamation—such as is now tolerated by the laws of Pennsylvania. It appears that a white woman has been living with a colored man brought up, charged with an assault upon one Richard Cooper, an Englishman, for insulting her and his daughter on Sunday evening last, as they were returning from church. Mr. Cooper was a man, but his wife is black, and his daughter not so black. The unnatural, though legal union, has existed the natural and illegal indulgence of a large couple of color, and finally led to a direct assault and battery, for which the colored man was held to answer, in the sum of one hundred dollars, to the next term of the Municipal Court.—*Boston Traveller.*

INFORMANT VS HOUSEKEEPERS.—A single man never failing great at such a trifling cost as to be within the reach of every housekeeper. Take one pound's worth of brown's sweet, two boiled potatoes boil from dinner the pot—and you have a pound of delicious, free loaf sugar, as a single pound can be packed up one or a dozen families, with his employing mind, asked him what he so much wished to learn. He replied with great simplicity, that he wished to learn how to make the Americans talk at their soldiers."

LP A most curious race—of such it may be called—has been "opened" at the Navy Yard in the Delaware Crosse House, Chelsea Beach. One of dead potatoes, three feet apart, on a straight line to be picked up one at a time and put in a basket which is to set at the end of the hour, but we believe is the time allowed for the contest, and the time.

LP The Hibernia sailed on Tuesday week, with the Commissioners on board, for the purpose of locating the line of the Halifax Among the passengers are Sir Skinner, of New York, Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, and Mr. Wilson, of Boston, all for Matamoras. The latter is said to be the bearer dispatches.

The election of a Whig Senator in Hampshire (Mass.) to fill a vacancy in the Senate will render the passage of the new Constitution doubtful through that body, even should assented to by the Legislature.

The Secretary of the Treasury has given notice to the Collectors of the different Districts of Customs, that certificates now enter the name of Mexico, free of the heavy duties which have been imposed on goods of late years.

The commission of John K. Kane, as Judge of the United States District Court of Philadelphia, has been received. The appointment is universally approved.

It is rumored that a Secret Negotiation is going on for terminating the war with Mexico. The Hon. R. J. Walker is said to be the agent. The Hon. R. J. Walker is said to be the agent.

LP The Rahway N. J., Advocate says: "This destructive insect is making sad havoc among the wheat fields in this section. The field of twenty acres sown by me night ago gave promise of two hundred and fifty or three hundred bushels, will not probably be worth the seed sown in it. The fly is in the wheat by the time crop, in this vicinity, at least, will be cut off to some seven or eight years since that fly has appeared in this quarter."

LP A letter writer from New Hampton, N. H. says: "The field of twenty acres sown by me night ago gave promise of two hundred and fifty or three hundred bushels, will not probably be worth the seed sown in it. The fly is in the wheat by the time crop, in this vicinity, at least, will be cut off to some seven or eight years since that fly has appeared in this quarter."

LP It is said that the body of the Poet Shelley has been found almost twenty-six miles from Monaco, on the coast of Italy, and that it was recognized by a peculiar mark upon one arm.

LP A letter from the Governor of Illinois, states that the Legislature of that State will be called together on the 20th of July next, for the purpose of, as the proceeds of the interest tax, which will be paid to the bond holders.

LP Brown coal used as a fuel, is now in Illinois, to fetch carbon.

Religious Intelligence.

TUMULT IN A CHURCH AT JERUSALEM.—On the 7th of April last, a tumult of a very serious nature occurred in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Greek and Latin priests were engaged in the commencement of the day, when a cession was passing through the Church in honor of the Resurrection, when a Greek priest, who had placed in the part of the church set aside for the use of the Greek schismatics, gave one to an entrance of the Latins. The Latins resisted, and a fight ensued, which ended in the Latins driving the Greeks out of the church, and locking the doors against them. On re-assembling, the Latins found that the Greeks had broken open the doors, and had taken possession of the church. A fresh

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have been thrown on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, we, under the operation of the late Post Office Act, are glad to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:—

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is paid, will give a receipt therefor to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the county (supposing it to be in the United States) in which the subscribers and persons to whom the money is to be paid, live, and the name of the Post Master.

The Post Master will then forward the money (whether a sum in respect the amount paid to him, with the name of the person paying the money and the name or names designated for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master living at the place where the money is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorized to frank said letter containing the receipt for the money, or acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Philada., Pa., September 15, 1865.

Received from *John Anderson*, residing at Kennett Post Office, Chester County, Pa., the sum of *Ten Dollars*, to be paid to *Messrs. Turner, McIntosh, Morris, Scott, and Dawson*, I cause no reflection upon those who voted against them—they were men true to their principles, and acted from their deeds on that day proved them equal to the test.

Lieut. Ridgely, who was entitled to a vote in the council, was at the time in attendance on the lamented Ringgold, and therefore had no voice in the matter; but as he galloped up to the battery, on returning from his visit to the Major, some one said: Ridgely, were you at the council? and he replied: No, I did not know I had been called, but I hope old Zack will go ahead and bring the matter to close quarters.

AN UNACCUSTOMED ORDINANCE.—Some curious effects are sometimes witnessed at the office of the Magnetic Telegraph, and though the instrument itself has been found in most cases an obedient agent in transmitting the messages despatched through it, yet it seems at times to act independently of the control of its directors.

A short time since, during a thunder storm, it was seized with a freak of this kind, and as if the electricity by which it operates had become a living thing, to the electric power, suffered the lightning to take the instrument under its special charge, and to receive and commenced inditing a despatch on its own account from the upper regions.

Such a sensation as it kept up for a time, and such a snapping about the heads of the attendants, convinced them that there was much and important matter being communicated, and that the instrument was an interpreter who understood the language of the celestial townsmen; other-wise we might have been able to communicate with the upper world. Telegraphic despatches from Washington, Baltimore and New York, and from the North and the south, with another—from the clouds.

As if was the signs made were more intelligible than a mixture of the Chinese language and Choctaw, and no "learned blacksmith" on the face of the earth would have been able to render more intelligible the "signs of the times." But this of this volunteer performance, the rules and regulations of the company were grossly violated, for operators were forbidden to receive any communication which allows one individual to have conversation with another, and these rules are, unless only, if continued to hold possession for an hour or two, and did not yield until the storm, which a sudden gust of wind had swept away the remnants of the clouds passed off slowly to the East.—*Public Ledger.*

A FALLEN ANGEL.—A wretched looking object in the streets of Salt Lake lately, was brought before Recorder Baldwin for being drunk in the streets. So tearful and deplorable a sight of woeful misery has not been seen for a long, long time. The face was haggard, dirty and covered with scars, the eyes dull fire and sunken cheek and eye told a tale of dissipation and misery. She appeared for a few short years, which had hurried a young girl to the brink of eternity. Her long black hair hung in tangled masses, and her shaking voice when every music in and was stood out in bold relief. A ragged, dirty petticoat, and the waist of what had once been a gown, hung loosely about her person. A verdict of drunk was found.

"Mary Collins," said the Recorder, "I am sorry to say that you were found drunk in the street yesterday."

"No, no, your honor—no, no, no!" said the trembling woman—"not drunk in the street, no, drunk I just laid down in the shade for I was tired, that's all. Be pleased to let me go this time. I can't remember that I'll not be brought up again, for I must drink. I've tried to leave, but it's no use, no use! I've no friends left, not one! and where's the use of living? Almost all the early things I have to make me forget myself and all the world. I'm not worth savin and besides it's too late now, too late. So let me go this time.

The Recorder told Mary she was more an object for sympathy than for punishment, but as she would be committing herself to the care of some one living about the streets, he should send her there for a few days.—*Salt Lake Reporter.*

A SEMI WAR.—The following, extracted by the Boston Transcript from one of its southern papers, is quite an opposite hint to "examine your bills."

A merchant of Montgomery, during a day's business in which he had been crowded with customers, sold a saddle of the value of forty dollars, but had no change to give in exchange. He left the store with the saddle and recollected the fact of the sale, but not the individual who had brought it. After tracking in memory his customers for the day, he remembered his stock Jim to turn to be ledger alphabet and read out the list of names. Jim, in the act of and other letters in succession, all to no purpose.

Tired out with the mental exercise, and as the last resort, he ordered Jim to go to the door of the store, and as each person passed out, to call the name, change a saddle to every one of the customers. This was accordingly done. When the planters came out with their bales of cotton, each one, in turn found the bills were presented, and if occasionally one man more prudent than his neighbor, would assert that he had not purchased a saddle—long list of saddles got by different members of the family, he might possibly discover a saddle which they had not got, or one more than they had got, and subjecting to the trust, it would be struck out of course, as they have no more saddle. When all the list of the counts had been settled up. Well, Jim, said the storekeeper, how many customers paid you for that saddle? "Only one, master, and he paid me a heap. Little enough," exclaimed his employer, one the trouble we have had to find out who got it."

A SHORT SHRIFT.—The tragedy taken by Gen. Taylor on the 4th May and forwarded to Governor Johnson of Louisiana, is a common red cotton flag with black worsted letters, having a large gimlet, in black, on the centre, traversed by arristers's instruments, from which we infer that it belonged to a corps of engineers. It is a forked banner, of the shape of what, in nautical phraseology, is called a "Burgee." It is attached to a pike about eight feet long.

PRISONER ESCAPED.—A prisoner named O'Brien, escaped from Connecticut State Prison a few days since. He was put out into the yard to work, and took his bad when two or more persons connected with the prison were looking at him. He was under sentence for life and when taken out was put in charge of a person who was not an officer of the prison.

FLESH TURNED TO STONE.—The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas states that Dr. Silvester, an Italian, has revived the discovery of "a method of hardening, even to the consistency or rath of solidity of marble, any organized substance." He is further said to have exhibited, among other specimens of his skill "a woman's head, with the hair parted and dressed, the hair retaining its flexible properties and color, although the surface from which it grew resembled stone. There was also a child's hand plump and dimpled as in life, but cold, semi-transparent, and ringing like marble when struck. A piece of liver, of its deep, rich, chocolate brown color, somewhat resembled red granite, and a petrified tongue appeared as if it never could have emitted a sound. It was literally a tongue in stone." The learned Doctor says, that so cheap is the process, that at a very small expense our dead friends may be turned into stone. This process throws entirely into the shade the Egyptian art of embalming.

ANTHRAX INCIDENT.—A correspondent of the St. Louis New Era, writing from the camp of the 35th Iowa Legion, opposite New Orleans, relates the following incident:

Many an amusing scene has occurred in camp among the recruits and is the duty so fruitful." Last night one of our best drilled officers, without thinking especially of the "orders of the day," was walking very quietly near the rear line of the encampment, when he was challenged very promptly. Who comes dere? Thinking the sentinel very abrupt, the officer exclaimed "Thunder and Mars!" when the sentinel, honestly supposing the officer had given his own name, replied, "Advance! Thunder and Mars, and give de countersign." The officer stopped.

RETURNED FROM TOUR TO HARRISBURG, Pennsylvania.—The Harrisburg Telegraph says that preparations are making for the taking of the stock of the York and Cumberland Railroad.—The Telegraph says that "This will give us a direct railroad communication to Baltimore, and a mortgage promises had existed between them for sixty-five years.

CASE OF ANDREW D. PORTER.—The pallion of Andrew D. Porter, for commutation of his punishment from death to imprisonment for life, might rejected in the House of Representatives of Connecticut, on Tuesday week, by a majority of 11½ to 8½. His execution will take place, according to his sentence, on the 20th of July next.

Army & Navy.

THE PAY OF OFFICERS.

The following table shows the compensation allowed to officers and men from a colonel down:

	Per month.	Forage per day.	Rations per day.
Colonel,	$211	5	3
Lieut. Colonel,	191	5	3
Major,	172	5	3
Adjutant (one of Lieut. Col. or Major),	116	2	1
Captain,	131	3	1
First Lieutenant,	116	3	1
Second do.	116	3	1
Sergeant Major,	17	1	1
Q. M. Sergeant,	17	1	1
Principal Musician,	17	1	1
Hospital Steward,	17	1	1
Sergeant,	17	1	1
Corporal,	13	1	1
Musician,	13	1	1
Private,	13	1	1

Volunteers will receive the following dress

1 dress cap, 2 pair shoes,
1 forage cap, guard slip, 2 pair drawers,
1 fatigue coat, 2 flannel shirts,
1 woolen jacket, 4 pair socks,
1 woolen overcoat, 1 stock or silk stock,
1 pair pantaloons, 1 Fatigue Stock, linen
1 cotton overalls, 1 pair leggins.

Volunteers will receive the following dress

1 dress cap, 2 pair shoes,
1 forage cap, guard slip, 2 pair drawers,
1 fatigue coat, 2 flannel shirts,
1 woolen jacket, 4 pair socks,
1 woolen overcoat, 1 stock or silk stock,
1 pair pantaloons, 1 Fatigue Stock, linen
1 cotton overalls, 1 pair leggins.

Congressional News.

Mr. McDuffie has been elected Chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations, in the Senate, on the vacancy by the death of Mr. Wright. Mr. Sumner, Mr. Seward and Mr. McDuffie were the prominent candidates.

Mr. Wilson, at the close of the third balloting said that he had now allowed his name to be used so long as he deemed it necessary but a few regions of country did not show a disposition to do justice to the section of the Senate.

At the close of the fifth balloting Mr Seward declined allowing his name further to be used.

On the seventh balloting Mr. McDuffie was declared to be elected by the vote of 38 to 4 having the necessary to a choice. The election of Mr. McDuffie is considered another victory of the elder over the Young Democracy.

On the 14th, the Oregon Treaty was ratified by the Senate by a vote of 37 to 5.

Notes for the Treaty—Anchor, Askey, Boston Bayley, Bigler, Burton, Chidlaine, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Corbett, Crittenden, Dixon, Doolittle, Foster, Grimes, Harlan, Hendricks, Howard, Johnson of Md., Johnson of Tenn., Lane of Ind., Lane of Oregon, Latham, Morrill, Nesmith, Pearce, Pomeroy, Ramsey, Rice, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilson of Mass., Wilson of Mo., Wright—37.

Against the Treaty—Cass, Atchison, Allerton, Davis, Fessenden, Foot, Hale, Hunter, Johnson of Georgia, Jones, Pearcon, Semple, Wescott—14.

Absent—Douglas.

The election of a Whig Senator by the Maryland Legislature is regarded as certain. Democrat will render the passage of the new Tariff Bill very doubtful though that body even if its friends should succeed in getting it through the House.

The Secretary of the Treasury has given instructions to the Collectors of the different ports to grant clearances to all American vessels to Matamoras goods will therefore now enter the Northern ports in case of Mexico, free of all Treasury claims, which they were subjected under the Mexican Government.

The nomination of John K. Kane, Esq., as the next Judge of the United States for the Eastern district of Pennsylvania in place of Judge Randall, deceased, has been confirmed by the Senate.

It is rumored that a secret Negotiation is now going on for terminating the war with Mexico.

The Hon. H. Winter Davis, of Md., will visit Maryland on last Saturday evening, from an attack of cholera morbus, which has prostrated him.

A Bill has been introduced into the House from the select Committee on the Revision of the Customs laws, which proposes to repeal the 3rd section of the passage of the Act, the President of the United States shall, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint Consuls for the United States to reside at the following places, who shall receive, during their continuance in office, an annual compensation, to be paid out of the Treasury of the amount specified:

Hamburgh, $5,000; Bremen, $5,000; Frankfort, $5,000; Leipsic, $5,000; Dresden, $5,000; Berlin, $5,000; Munich, $5,000; Stuttgart, $5,000; Vienna—Austria, $5,000; Belgium—Antwerp, $5,000; Ghent, $5,000; Liege, $5,000; Brussels, $5,000; Switzerland—Berne, $5,000; Geneva, $5,000; Zurich, $5,000; Basle, $5,000; Spain—Barcelona, $5,000; Malaga, $5,000; Cadiz, $5,000; Madrid, $5,000; Portugal—Oporto, $5,000; Lisbon, $5,000; Italy—Genoa, $5,000; Leghorn, $5,000; Venice, $5,000; Rome, $5,000; Naples, $5,000; Sicily—Palermo, $5,000; Messina, $5,000; Turkey—Smyrna, $5,000; Constantinople, $7,500; Prussia and Russia—Riga, $5,000; Revel, $5,000; Odessa, $5,000; Greece—Athens, $5,000; Rodosto, $5,000; Syria—Tripoli, Tunis and Tripoli, each $5,000; Egypt—Alexandria, $5,000; Mexico—Mexico, $5,000; Venice, $5,000; Sandwich Islands, $5,000; Hayti—Port au Prince, $5,000; Monrovia, Liberia—Hayti—Port au Prince, $5,000; Monrovia Republic, $5,000; Buenos Ayres, $5,000; New Granada—Panama, $5,000; Bogota, $5,000; Ecuador—Guayaquil, $5,000; Quito, $5,000; Peru—Lima, $5,000; Callao, $5,000; Chili—Valparaiso, $5,000; Buenos Ayres, $5,000; Chili—Valparaiso, $5,000; Rio Janeiro, $5,000.

Casualties.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT AT ROCHESTER, N. York.—Intelligence of a distressing accident has been received.—On Friday week, a severe storm of thunder and lightning occurred at Rochester, New York, during which the West end of one of the public schools, occupied by the female department, and containing nearly one hundred scholars, was struck by lightning, and completely demolished, resulting in the falling of bricks—some five or six of them pretty severely—and one was killed.

Some of the bricks were taken from under the pile of bricks, buried nearly two feet, more than half an hour after the fall. An idea of the force of the shock of what, in nautical phraseology, is called a "Burgee." It is attached to a pike about eight feet long.

DROWNED.—On Thursday afternoon week, a lad named Thomas J. Snow, aged 15, son of Dr. Snow, of Finckney street, was drowned while attempting to swim across the space between the Baths on the Western Avenue, and Beaman's. Only a child of four or five years of age was present, who was so frightened that he ran away without giving the alarm.—*Boston Transcript.*

FATAL DUEL IN QUEBEC.—The Quebec Gazette says that the funeral of the sufferer, except three or four, took place on one day.

Four or each hour in the morning till seven in the evening, funeral processions were passing through the streets to the different places of interment. No melancholy a sight has not been beheld in Quebec since the time of the Cholera. At one time there were fifteen coffins in the French Cathedral, waiting for the last rites of the church to be over the mortal remains of the dead.

At the English burial ground we observed four Clergymen present; three Episcopalian and one Presbyterian officiating; the last sad duties of their office to members of their respective flocks. The Wesleyan Methodist Minister was likewise kept busily engaged during the afternoon, in the performance of a similar duty. In fact, every religious body in the city, with one or two exceptions, has suffered more or less by this dreadful calamity.

The remains of Lieut. Hamilton, of the 14th, were interred with military honors.

Miscellaneous News.

GENERAL TAYLOR.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta mentions the following incidents in the life of General Taylor as not having been generally published. Alluding to the battle of the 8th, the writer says:

The first care of General Taylor was to visit the wounded and see that every comfort was supplied—the constant and well-directed energies of an unskilled department. Little for him to do, for, every one, whether officer or soldier, had been attended with unwearying care and watchfulness. The troops being gathered at their meal, the order was given to get the command under arms. Gen. Taylor here summoned a council of war, composed of the heads of the several departments of the service, excluding the commander-in-chief. The council was returning to the front of their respective and bravery on the 8th, and wishing to be advised as to what they thought best to be done, called on them to give their opinion. It was then moved (and that but four were in favor of *going ahead*, the other officers composing the counsel voted, some to remain where they were and await the attack of the volunteers, and others to retire at once to Point Isabel, but the General said, *I will be at Fort Brown before night, if I live.*"

He adds —

"Those who voted for going ahead, as they watched the movements of the General, might have seen the smile of approbation that lighted up the old man's honest face at the moment, though not sufficient to cause the countenance to differ from him; and in saying *express on the* the General gave the order to march, and the battle of Palo Alto was fought."

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Political Intelligence.

☞ HON. ALEXANDER H. DEVERT was to-day on Saturday last in the ship Cassius for China where he has been appointed Minister. The Times states that since his appointment, notwithstanding his residence in Europe, he has imported acquaintance with the language and history of the people among whom he is to reside.

MAINE.—Several more attempts to elect a U. S. Senator have resulted in no choice.

Items of News.

LUCIFER IN NEW YORK.—The New York Courier states the fact that over thirty thousand dollars are received by that city for licensing rum to sell in. Add $40 each, making the number of licensed sellers over three thousand, to say nothing of the numerous places where it is sold without license.

A WHITE CROW.—The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel of the 17th instant, says—We were shown, yesterday morning, a real live crow perfectly white. It was caught a few days ago by a servant on the plantation of Mr. Coleman, near this city, and is now in the possession of Mr. Coleman.

IRISH HUMOR.—An Irishman of Capt. Duncan's battery, in leading a wounded horse from the field, at Palo Alto, was greeted by the enemy with a shower of balls, which, however, did not disturb the equanimity of the Hibernian. "Ah be aisy, ye bastes! sure there's enough for yez all!"

MICHIGAN VOLUNTEERS.—The Monroe City Guards have tendered their services to the Governor. The Northern Lancaster Gazette, just received, says the Governor has called for both companies. The whole number of companies required from this state is already obtained.

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☞ Two thousand female teachers are said to be immediately wanted in the State of Kentucky. A writer in the Louisville Journal says, that a number of benevolent ladies are taking measures for supplying in part this destitution.

☞ A mysterious prisoner has been for some time confined in the fortress of Konigstein, in Saxony. It is supposed that he is Louis, the last duke of Warsaw. It is said that he will be exiled to America.

CHOLERA AT QUEBEC.—It was said in the Montreal Herald of the 15th instant, that there is a report of the cholera having made its appearance at Quebec. But the report has been since contradicted.

☞ The Negroes have enlisted to the number of 3,000 and proposes to raise 5,000 more. They will prepare themselves to produce early next season Wallace's opera of "Maritana."

☞ Father Heinrich received but $200 for his concert at Boston. Three hundred dollars more were received, but were demanded by the musicians as their share.

☞ The Frankfort Journal of the 30th ultimo, states, from Cincow, that the famous peasant chief, Szela, and his son, have been arrested.

ANES OF THE GERMANS.—Gen. Gaines, it is said, is about to organize a force of 10,000 men, Scott about sixty-four, and Gen. Taylor fifty-six.

☞ Col. John Wentworth has been re-nominated as the Democratic candidate for the 4th Congressional District of Illinois.

☞ Miss Cushman and her sister appear to be very successful in Manchester, where they succeeded Helen Faucit.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Office of the Saturday Morning Post
Saturday Evening, July 18, 1846.

REMARKS—Business is gradually falling off, and the money market has become light in consequence of the settlement of the Oregon question has produced a decidedly better feeling among the commercial community.

☞ The hay harvest has arrived, and a large quantity of grass has been cut; but some of it has been injured by the frequent rains of the present week. Four or five days of the weather has been unusually cold, and fires are still kept in parlors.

FLOUR & MEAL.—The market has been quite inactive during the week, and the transactions are limited to reached at $4, and 700 bbls fresh ground at $4.11½; 600 bbls do at $4.12½; 500 bbls do at $4.12½; 500 bbls do at $4.12½. For city use sales of western at $3.75a3.94, and Pa. at $3.87½a4 per bbl. Rye meal is in demand at $3.25 per bbl source. Sales of 1000 bbls at $3.26, and 700 barrels at $3.25. Corn meal is dull at $2.75a2.87½ for Brandywine, and Delaware at $2.62½. In ship bread no change.

GRAIN—The supply of wheat is now limited, but prices are nearly nominal at 1.05a1.07 for red, and 1.10a1.12 for good and prime red, and $1 for white, red chiefly at 97c. Rye is dull at 60c, for ordinary to good Penn'a. Corn—No sales; we quote 60c. Corn—Receipts light and prices firm. Sales of 2000 bushels at 57c, and 3000 bushel at 55c. Southern flat at 52 to 54, and inferior at 50c; a lot of white at 53c. We quote round yellow at 54a55, and white at 52a53.

PROVISIONS—Pork continues in limited request at steady prices. Sales of 100 bbls mess at $14.50, and 100 do at $14.75. Beef is dull at $8.50a9 for country mess, and $10a10.50 for city mess. Prime mess or navy is nominal at $9a9.50. Butter—Sales of good western in bbls at 9a9½, and 50,000 lbs grease at 6½c. Cheese is in fair demand.

AMERICAN COTTON & WOOLLEN GOODS.—The market continues steady, and prices are well supported. Heavy cotton goods have declined a fraction.

ASHES—Sales of pots at $4.25, and pearls at $4.50.

BARK—Sales of 120 bbls 1st No. 1 quercitron at $40 per ton, in tonnage bark in storage.

BEESWAX—Sales of 400 lbs yellow at 28c.

CANDLES—Market quiet and prices steady.

COAL—The supply is ample, and the season now extra since the late advance in prices, the margin left to the dealers being very small. We quote red ash at $5.50 per ton, and $4.25 per ton for broken and screened coal. Lehigh coal is selling at $5 at 10 per ton for the different kinds of lowell coals is unchanged, because they obviate the objection to the use of the Schuylkill coal, from the excess of the sheet forming complaints. They also possess the advantage of being free from slate and sulphur, so they remove the cause of every form of dirt. Hence, it is absolutely impossible for them to fail to meet with a general approval of every description of consumers of the heavie, &c.

CATTLE—It should be remembered that Mr. Samuel Reed, of Baltimore, Mr. John Dickson, of Easton, Pa., and Messrs. Herring and Gaskill, of Bucks county, are not agents of ours, and so the purchases by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are made entirely on their own account, and *we undertake they may have for sale.*

The only screening agents of reputation, to purchase from the proprietors of the Shore or any other of the Agency, or the sale of the Onslow and General Dept. No. 110 Race street, Philada.

Offices, for the sale of the medicine wholesale and retail, 206 Chestnut street, New York; 132 Tremont street, Boston, and principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

FRUIT—The sales have been on a restricted scale since our last report, and prices are nominal. Sales of 1000 bushels at $1.25 per bush.

HAY—Sales of 70,000 lbs timothy at a price not public. We quote 80a85 per ft.

HEMP—In inactive. A small sale of prime hemp at $190 per ton. Sales of 200 bales.

HIDES—A sale of 1000 Laguayra hides at a price not public. We quote 30a31 per lb.

INDIGO—Limited sales of good Bengal at 1.20 per pound.

IRON—Prices are steady, with a moderate demand. Sales of 70,000 tons; charcoal pig at $31 to $2.50, and anthracite $.75a$1 per ton. Sales reported for a small number of miners. We quote blooms at $55 to 75 per ton.

LEAD—A sale of 220 pigs hard lead at 4½ cts, cash. 17,000 pigs soft lead, all previously sold.

LUMBER—Sales of 600,000 eastern laths at $1.05, and some at $1.70 per M. Sales of white boards at $16a17, and yellow at 14a15 per M feet.

MAHOGANY—At auction 261 logs St. Domingo mahogany sold on 6 months' credit.

MOLASSES—The market has become extremely dull, and prices are hardly sustained. A sale of 125 hhds for Porto Rico at 29; 35 do Cienfuegos at 30½, and 112 Porto Rico, private terms at 27c, all on time. Arrived 315 hhds, 10 tierces.

NAVAL STORES—Dull. Sales of 6,000 bbls rosin at $1.50 per bbl, and some at $1.56a1.62½. Tar at $1.87½; pitch is held at $1.50a1.62. Sales of spirits turpentine at 37½ cts.

OILS—A sale of 4000 gallons whale oil, on the wharf, at 37½ cents per gallon. Sales of 1000 gallons sperm at 58c; 300 bbls are held at 56c.

PLASTER—Sales of 200 tons ex Rio Janeiro at $2.65, 2.70 and 2.75 per ton. The latter to arrive.

RICE—Demand improving. Sales of 150 tons fair at 3½, and good quality at 4a4½ and ordinary at 3½ per pound.

SALT—Sales of two cargoes Turks Island, 11,700 bushels, on terms not public. We quote about 9bu25c.

SEEDS—Sales of 1000 bushels clover at 4c per lb. Sales at $4.45a4.87½ per bushel. Flaxseed may be quoted at $1.30a1.31, and more arriving.

SUGAR—Sales of 40,000 lbs at 7½ per lb, cash.

TEAS—Holders are firm and look for some change in the tariff in favor of tea.

TOBACCO—Sales of 60 hhds Kentucky leaf at 3 to 5½ cts. Manufactured is dull at 5a6 cts.

WINES—No recent sales of any extent.

WOOL—The new clip has commenced coming in pretty freely and a more with a moderate demand, at prices ranging from 30a35 cts for common to fine. In the new clip common and good has sold at 40a42 cts, and superior at 45c per lb; and 10,000 lbs 2 to 3 blood merino at 42c per lb. Sales of 1000 lbs 3 blood merino at 45c. Some grades at previous rates. In the week several purchases have been made on account of the manufacturing interest.

GREAT FISHES.—It is said, that on Lake Ontario, the whole fish, at this season, pass along close to the shores in shoals. Some time ago a fisherman received $1,000 at one haul! says the Rochester Democrat.

TENACIOUS CLERK.—We are informed that two years ago a clerk in the Auditor's office was admitted to the clerk's privilege, at Chaplin last spring, and voted for the first time in their lives.

☞ The bill for a railroad from Boston to New Haven, which was vetoed by the Governor of Connecticut, has been passed over the veto by a vote of 11 to 7

Original Poetry.

THE STREAMLET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ANNE M. R. CARPENTER.

Gushing from the earth
The babbling streamlet flows,
And sparkle, and gurgle on,
Where many a blossom grows.

In places it appears
Like a fair silvery band
Thrown o'er the velvet turf
Of nature's emerald bed.

And then it bends its horde,
And forms a little lake,
Where pretty rippling waves
Sweet murmuring music make.

And so it flows along,
And only stops to course
To pour its liquid treasure,
Into its ocean source.

And thus we often meet
With those who avoid their way,
Through the pathways of the world,
With a heart that's ever gay.

Whose quiet manners
Sheds a luster o'e their life,
And guards them from earth's snares,
In misery, and in strife.

And like the gentle streamlet
Their course is calm and bright,
Until they join in Heaven,
The Common Head of Light.

Bowl of Fun.

THE MENAGERIE.

BY MRS. FARNHAM.

[We favored our readers, a short time ago, with some extracts from Mrs. Farnham's "Life in Prairie Land," and now present them with a sketch of a different character, taken from the same work. It is only necessary to premise, that the souvenir is of an exhibition of the "Zoological Institute and Grand Caves of Egyptonia," and that the "Nyrambo" she alludes to, was an old lady in a "capacious sugar-loaf Nevarino cloaky" bonnet, so singular in her dress as to be a curiosity.]

"A beautiful little beaver pony trotted out into the ring, and was very soon followed by a negro-cupid and most respectable looking monkey in regimentals. He was introduced to the gaping multitude as Gen. Jackson, but his servility made it a very poor compliment to his Roman prototype. The master of ceremonies on this occasion, as on all similar ones which I have ever witnessed, was a very tall man, in a long skirted frock-coat, and a very high stock, and a very small hat, and carried the long frock-coat, the chief insignificance, and a silver-headed cane, which I have never known these adjuncts fail to the present occasion; the performance was not very brilliant. The poor little beaver tip his hat and whistled exactly with the crack of the whip, the monkey was quite as intelligent as usual in his postures, and at a whir more excited with the servility of his Sucker audience than if he had been performing for a common New York assemblage. I did think he winked a little slyly when he heard the Navarino, but it might have been imagination. The most edifying part of the whole spectacle was the comments of my neighbor.

"Mighty! she exclaimed, as the pony took his place, and had he done any thing to set out that little beaver's back? That great fellow ain't again' to mount him. I'll knock him off myself if he does. He's too long for such a powerful little beast. The great lazy rascallo.

"The good old lady, in her friendly zeal for the pony, forgot that the fellow whom she was denouncing was several inches below her own stature. But while she was in the high tide of her anathema, the monkey appeared. She looked for a moment quite bewildered, and at last broke out.

"Well, it brave 'Lection, if that ain't a real likeness and actin'! I reckon now they made that little fain a-purpose for that horse, but he ain't very handsome to be sure! Like's baby will have its grandfather's head on. They brought a made the tail of his coat longer, and he'd looked better than he does now—but the Lord's sake! See what's dressed, for the young women goes with their necks bare a heap more than I ever used anybody else!

Dropping the tone of soliloquy, and addressing herself to me in the most earnest manner, 'Look at them critters,' said she, 'I pose they are, by the way they eat that one that's rollin' ain't boy, for all he looks so powerful like one. That himself's never him off yet, and scamp his brains in the ground if he's got any.'

"Two or three whirls of the pony wrought the old lady's sympathy and indignation to the highest pitch.

"If anybody felt like I do they wouldn't set such a foot in that a-horseback, whether he's a monkey or not. He's alive, I reckon, and that's enough to make a Christian take him off o' that critter's back, anyhow.'

"The tall man came in for his share of denunciation at every new feat which he commanded the monkey to execute, and before the three performers retired, the good old lady had denounced all 'Yankees and Yankee fools,' for the fortieth time. A man with jean clothes and riding-whip had watched the whole affair with such evident admiration, that the look of contempt which he received bowed in manner after they retired was extremely indecorous, and served better than a volume to reveal his whole character. But he was too much for her comments, if he made any, to be audible to us.

"At last came Mr. Tomer with his dog and their wonderful train drew white volleys of exclamation from my transparent neighbor. But when the young man climbed the center pole and suspended himself from its top by a chord around his wrists, the poor woman could restrain herself no longer.

"Mighty Heaven! she exclaimed, or rather shouted, for her voice was sharpened by her excited sensibilities. 'Does the fanal Yankee think we came to a-hang? I've sure one in my bag now, and that'll do me. But if he's a mind to hang that to may, I won't look at him, and the giant hurrowing quickly resolved, facing the audience anew.

"'I don't make you feel like it does me, else remarked, brushing my sleeve, 'or you wouldn't look that way. I reckon you never see a real hang, did you?'

"No.

"Well you'd never want to see another if you had, nor any such shamming as that. 'Twas'nt fit for ladies and all' but I knows what I'd have to do if I supposed so hearty an accent to this opinion both in relation to the real and the sham hanging, that flat old critter wished to satisfy me for a moment, and then said, 'Well now, I allow you've got some Christian feeling in ye, and I'll hear your body talk like that. Come and see me. Mr. H——— will take you and Miss Roberts up some day, and I should be mighty glad to see you, and so would my old man.'

"While this little complimentary by-play was going on, the man whom we left occupied with some sheets, the crowd had returned its excited feelings for the time, and many seconds of applause and several interchanges of opinion among themselves. I lost sight of the man with the whip, but, as my party moved off, I caught a glimpse of the dilate visibility. I pointed him out to my neighbor, and asked who he was?

"Oh, he and about G——, everybody knows him for the biggest liar ever friend in these parts. It's no account what you tell him, he'll still'ware'n friend on you. And one thing is strange, he all ers tells his lies as if he b'leeved them himself. He came in the same waggon under Gineral Harrison a good many years ago, as if they should set down together, anybody that heard him would reckon he was the first man of the two. I'm sure I was, and this an earth that anybody has ever used or knew'd but what he's used somethin a powerful sight big'ger. You'll see more silent long, now he's come so nigh.'

"While my friend was thus enlightening me, the ring had been again cleared, and a springing board elevated upon two blocks placed within it. In a few minutes one of the most athletic looking riders appeared in knit garments fitting closely to his fine, muscular form, and was introduced to the audience as Mr. Sands, who was about to perform some surprising gymnastic feats.

"I hope he won't hang himself,' said the old lady, looking earnestly at his splendid figure, 'he's too handsome, and there's been enod of that jimmery here.

"But Mr. Sands after a few preliminary performances, in assured himself that he was all right, relieved the good woman's apprehensions by setting himself into a set of rotary motion in the air, like a human windmill. I counted twenty-nine of these surprising aerial revolutions, and then turned away, for the spectacle grew painful.

"'Hell! hell himself!' said my excitable neighbor, 'why don't they take him away? Stop him!' she screamed; 'he can't stop himself! Why don't you catch hold of him, you there with a cane, you? I could hold him myself if I was that,' and the sympathizing creature rose on her feet and stood expectating with the heartless audience some seconds before the performance ceased; when it did, there was an agreeable deal of confusion at a few moments, and then a shrewd neighbor, who understood the constitutional infirmities of old ma C———, remarked in his turn.

"Well, Mr. C———, for a Yankee boy, that was pretty fairly done, eh?

"Oh, I reckon it 'll pass among Yankees, but it's no account among us. When we was in the army, we used to do that every day, and we had some fellers who would turn them somersets slaty fee' right up a tree!'

"'What,' branches and all?'

"No; we cut away the branches of some of the trees round the camp, a purpose to have 'em ready. It's no account to do that. A right smart man would turn eighty or ninety without steppin' to breathe; that fellow now, is a puffin' like a beat horse.'

"Yes, he does beat a little quicker, it's true, but we think he has done well.

"Oh, it's right for you that never see anything better to think so, but I've got smarter blood than that in my veins.'

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"'Indeed! your grandfather must have been a very powerful man, to retreat so rapidly under such an immense burthen.

"'Yes, he was a right smart old feller; but I've seen younger men that could do more than that.'

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"Why, 'tain't of much account for a man to brag of himself, but I've been known to carry at in my own time (whipping his host with his whip more vehemently than ever). When we was a-fixing for the crusade we wanted to send forred month once, when the roads was mighty as every Tom Fuggleton house-keeper knows how to be ceremoniously they sometimes will, and I was sole mistress of my kitchen, pantry, sink, cooking stove, and all. What shall I do? was the pitiful cry. I continued to get along easy, say way, sobert I could get rather relieved from service. Mary Goodsley, is a ward, Mary, I was a shirk! My husband, punctual exact, and awfully particular, as I then thought, did not at all relish the appearance of things under my care; it was too evident for me not to know it. 'I hate and I dread, promised every kitchen I'd until it'ough times, gave me a present of a most untoward state, began to accumulate rapidly upon my hands. My husband was silent and grim, I fretful and fidgety. I don't think I'd sleep night, but he said he wanted to get over, and he allowed I could get the boys to follow. So I never went to bed at all, but kept a-going, and I reckon I swum my horse through, and broke the ice all the way. When I got on tother side I toted four or five and went to the water, and I got 'em all over well, 'cause you see the stream was narrow, though it was right deep.

"'At last they all got across, and then we marched five miles above the general would let us camp. Where we was on the plain I started to set off to my home, and couldn't nair. I was three feet to the saddle. It was growing colder and colder, and I didn't know which I should die.

"'The boys allowed they could warm some water, if I'd set still, and then she up. So they went to boiling for me, but I didn't want to set still, they said, and at last I gave a mighty spring that lifted the house right off its feet, and when he come down, the ice cracked all around, and I got loose.

"'You must have been sick after it,' said his listener, 'and the best that little fat one day.'

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Household Duties.

FROM THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

THE TWO STEW-PANS.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

So my young friend Mary had again visited me in visit her at her new home. I will go,' I said, joyfully. I have so much to see her boy-baby, and her who would turn them somersets slaty fee' right up a tree!'

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Beautiful Poem.

THE WIFE TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee;
Oh! let my memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long!

Linger not long! The crowds should woo thy staying,
Should never, parting, be declared even in song,
Amongst the pain, the grief, the long delaying
Come the fond heart that sighs to have thee here!

Linger not long!

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming
Through the dim twilight, when the tongue can tell,
Till the wild lute has ceased its busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill,
When I shall sway, when I must sink and tremble
Oh! at thee absent—at thee absent still!

Linger! linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, the' the eye that seeth thee
Closeth through tears that make its lustre dull,
For, oh! I sometimes fear, when thou art near me,
My cup of happiness is all too full!

Linger not long!

Hasten thee, oh, haste! unto thy peaceful dwelling!
Home, as a lord, unto its ears loved sees!
Home, as the lark, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to its haven of sweetest rest!

Linger not long!

Old Woman in Chester.]

HOUSES AS THEY WERE.

The engraving that we lay before our readers this week, is of an old house in Chester, England, and illustrates the peculiar manner of building, that prevailed many centuries ago not only in England but in Germany, and other parts of the continent. In the second story of each house was a gallery which projected over the street below; and these being no division between these galleries, persons were able to walk in them around each square or block of houses.

The streets below had the advantage of being sheltered from the rain by these projecting galleries, but they were also kept very damp by them, so that it was a decided improvement when they were done away with.

The architecture, it will also be noted, is very peculiar, and the whole picture reminds one of a dynamic age.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

ROSE, MOSS.—*Cicero.* *Grave*
Grave was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. *Milton.*

ROSE, HALF BLOWN. *Love.*
I know what tie to love
A spotted beauty, and behind the fair
I'll an emblazoned honor and renown
Charms of an higher order, and a power
Deeper and more exalted. *Percival.*

'Tis this that binds me still with a spell,
Whose power, I find no words to tell. *Mrs. Chisholm.*

Oh! say not, they
Truth and fairness, and sweetness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die with their own fragrance.

ROSE-BUD. WHITE. *A Heart that is Ignorant of Love.*

Never—no, no
In matches medicinal, fancy fete!" *Shakspeare.*
All do joys and pains to others I resign,
Be the vacant heart, the careless bosom, mine! *Moore.*

ROSE, WHITE, AND WITHERED. *Transient Impressions.*
We met in lighted halls, and our spirits took their tone,
Like those influences of sunlight, with valley answering flowers—
And thinkest thou to ever win a single tear from me?
Oh! hast thou ever seen the rose-bud wet on its stem?
Or the violet bathed in the dew? *L. E. L.*

No one was more plighted, and he told no lover's vow;
Only were we where we met at first, and we parted just as then.

Twas one of yesterday's fair fallies by which we abide in
One of to-day vanities, and like them it hath past.

ROSE, WILD. *Recreant Imagined Charms.*
A form more beautiful,
Heart at child of the air, unfair glass'd upon
Its poet's dream. Her voice was wood
And laid of music, and did seem a charm
Which only could be broken by a heavenly flute
Caught afar off. *Barry Cornwall.*

She had the sparkling eye, which is like light,
Making all things visible, and reflects no bright;
And a sweet voice, whose words would charm all mood,
Aided they had no other charm than sound
And many tomb'd her name, and each with praise;
Each with her personal beauty fill'd their gaze,
Some marked her graceful step, and ever spoke
Of the so many hearts that used the yoke
Of her bewildering smile. *Willis.*

ROSE, MAIDEN'S BLUSH. *If You Do Love Me, You Will Find Me Out.*
Maidenly.

I do believe myself
Confessor thrilled me then, and secret joy,
Fast throbbing, stole in treasons from my heart,
And mantling cheek, and shame-faced look. *Bryant.*

ROSE-BUD. *Admonition.*
She silences me daily, with a gentle voice serene
Soft, and beautiful, and heavenly! *Hollbeam.*
Her unseen influence, and pure air
A fragrance upon all who is her path
Have fellowship. *Willis.*

Salmagundi.

APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT.

Mrs. Jamison, in her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," gives the following account of a punishment described to her at Frankfort:

"One of the most delightful promenades of Frankfort, one that most attracts my fancy, is the public garden, planted on the site of the ramparts a single line of trees and shade—of trees and flowers circling the whole city, accessible to all and on every side—the promenade of the rich, the solace of the poor. Here I have seen engaged to keep it in order, and it is forbidden to steal the flowers or to kill the singing birds which haunt the shrubberies. A short time before we arrived, some mischievous wretch had shot a nightingale in this public garden, and was caught in the fact. His punishment was characteristic; his hands were tied behind him, and a label setting forth his crime was fixed on his breast. In this guise, with a police officer on each side, he was marched all round the gardens, and made the circuit of the city, pursued by the hisses of the populace, and the indignant looks of the upper classes; he was not otherwise punished, but he never again made his appearance within the walls of the city. This was the only instance in which I could learn of the infraction of a law which might seem at least tingatory.

We wish that some such punishment could be devised here, for the land-marauders or thoughtless boys who kill our birds, and for the cruel and needless sangsters of our woods and fields, for sooner, ment.

A LEGEND OF KING DAVID.

When King David was dying across the Desert of Judea, he found that he grew impatient at the quantity of spiders' webs which had to be broke and cut away, when he was picked by a waste. In consequence of this annoyance, he had all the flies that crossed fires and spiders, which are of no use, and only serve to hurt me?" "I will make you understand," said a prophetic voice.

Some time afterward, he descended Mount Achild, and ventured by night into the camp of Saul, to get a drink of his sense and his rags. After having succeeded in his project, he was about to retire, when his foot became entangled in the legs of the faithful Abner, who slept beside Saul. Great was the embarrassment of David, how he should disengage his foot from the hold of Abner, without awakening the valiant servant, and finding himself surprised thus, alone, in the camp of the enemy.

David's anxiety was at its height, when a fly fat Abner on the leg, and the pain which the warrior felt, made him make a movement, of which David availed himself to withdraw his foot; he then fled quickly, thanking God for having created flies.

Saul, however, pursued him into the Desert, and to escape him, David had slipped into a cavern, when God sent a spider, which wove its web across the entrance of this rock. Saul and Abner were quickly in the footsteps of the fugitive, and Abner said, "he is doubtless concealed in the hollow of this rock: let us go and seek him there."

"It is useless," answered Saul, "do you not see that the entrance of this cavern is covered with a thick web, and that it must have been constructed without breaking this delicate tissue?"

"You are right," answered Abner, and they then went to continue their search in another part of the Desert.

Then David cast himself on the ground, and cried, "Lord, pardon me, for having doubted thy wisdom; henceforth my feeble understanding shall not cease to humble itself before the sublime harmonies of creation. Lord, the smallest of thy creatures are of use to man; the spiders and the flies themselves have a part to perform in nature. Lord, what thou sayest is well; what thou deest is just."

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCH DUKE.—The deputy, M. Charles, lately gave a grand dinner at which the Bishop of Chartres was present. After dinner there was a reception, and the ladies of the country aristocracy came in full dress—in flowing silks and satins, and sparkling with diamonds. As these ladies were dressed very low in the neck, his Grace affected to be greatly scandalized, and retired very early.

"What, my lord, do you leave so soon?" said the master of the house.

"Certainly," replied the prelate—"these women shave me out by the shoulders."

NO MEAN FOR TICKLING.—A young man and his lady friend, passing along a certain thoroughfare, the gland, commenced tickling and toying with each other, and were so eagerly engaged in the fruitful theme that they stumbled into a mud hole, and the whole fare of affairs. They were hauled out in a pretty plight, and adjourned further to bring said to a conclusion.

☞ To what color does a flogging change a boy's complexion? It makes him sall-ow.

Our Scrap Book.

MORGAN JONES AND THE DEVIL.

"Why, yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that story, enough to make a man sell out with him now and then, but it's about all I have not seen him these two months."

"Aye?" exclaimed Lucifer the party; "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why, then, he quiet, and I'll tell ye it all."

And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot and had it filled again and took a puff off his pipe and began his story:

"Well, then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honor for a long time, and it was about two months ago come then, that I was one evening along the brook, shooting wild fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming but the ould himself! But, says myself, how he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the ould one well by the hof of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trowsers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and, says I, touching my hat, 'Pretty well, I thank your honor, I hope you are the same.' 'Morgan, what are ye looking after, and what's that long thing you're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook that there is rising, and carrying my back-pipe with me to shoot ducks with, and as for the long thing, it is mighty fond of the barley,' so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank you.' And, says I, 'I'll be proud to accept it.' So he pulled out a gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and think I,—I have you now, ould boy,' cause, you know, I had heard tell of that trick, so he pulled out, and off went the gun long in his mouth —Puff! says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and stopped a minute to think about fresh load, says he, 'Blasted strong lucky, Morgan!' Then he put over the gun, and loaded both barrels and fired off, and sure enough, I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the ould gentleman, my boy!'—*Wright's Essays on the Superstitions of England.*

A PARODY.

FROM A MISSING PAPER.

Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered lone and weary,
Over many an olden paper, reading forgotten stories rare,
Suddenly I heard a rustion, lonely, gloomy, strange, mysterious—
Grating underneath the floor!
'Tis some little mouse, I muttered, undermining the office floor.
Only this, and nothing more.

And again I listened my paper, and more closely scanned my paper—
Again I read, without paper,—pacing its ancient corridors, where again I heard repeating this same strange, mysterious—
But much louder than before!
And it seemed the rustion, that I heard beneath the office floor.

'Tis no mouse, thought I, but more
As I listened, each particular hair stood upright, prepar- dresser,
Cold, convulsing drops, schedule, my forehead covered o'er,
With a strange, mysterious terror, filled my soul with fear and horror,
But much louder than before!
Much I wondered what this rustioning meant, beneath the floor.

Much I sat and eyed the door.
And pausing, quick astounded, instantly therefrom there bounded
A huge Rat upon the floor!
Not the least obeisance made he, but a sentence stopped and said he,
Stopp'd and looked, and nothing more.
And while gazing at each other, suddenly out sprang another,
Something proper than the other, with the weight of years he bore,
Then, with impressions dire, high I raised my boot, and higher,
And a step advancing nigher, whirled it swift across the floor
But the little impudent scamper'd, and the door was isolated and lonter'd,
That is but nothing more!

The Builders.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, nor low;
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled,
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the eider days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken arches Ruin, where the last
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build so that, of us, may be said,
With a firm and ample base
And ascending and secure
Shall toward noonday rise the place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those ramparts, where the eye
Looks out o'er the vanished reign
And one boundless reach of sky.

Fun and Frolic.

A LITTLE MORE.—A New England merchant who had accumulated a vast property by care and industry, yet still was as busy as ever in adding vessel to vessel, and store to store, though considerably advanced in life, being asked by a neighbor, how much property he supposed would satisfy a human being—after a short pause replied, "*A little more.*"

☞ "I was going, said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, and I met Paul Hewins. Says I, 'How are you?' 'Pretty well, I thank you, Dennly,' says he. Says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Dinnes,' says he with a laugh, and he was off."

☞ Judge Jeffrey, of notorious memory, pointing to a man then in the dock, who stood by his friend, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my case." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, replied, "I am only one, my lord."

CONSTABLES.—A species of snapping turtle.

LAWYER.—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself.

RURAL FELICITY.—Potatoes and turnips.

HOPE.—A traitor.

AN INSULT.—The editor of the Sandy Hill Herald has been "insulted by a gentleman from whom he expected better treatment," who walked into the office, and deliberately asked him to change a *fifty dollar bill.*

☞ An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent servant, who indulged himself in bed of a late hour in the morning—"Full to rising, you sqalpeen, full to rising! Don't stand there lying in bed all day together!"

NEW ATTACHMENT TO THE PIANO.—A man in Boston went home the other evening, and found a new and somewhat original attachment on his wife's piano. It was put on by the sheriff.

☞ The Rabbis ought to be ashamed of themselves for the scandalous saying that tan baskets of their wives would make good soup. "Not at all," said they, "there is a great vogue at the end of my case." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, replied, "I am only one, my lord."

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☞ A letter having been advertised in Cincinnati for "The Prettiest Girl," the demand for it was so great that the clerks were obliged to send several hundred copies of the letter.

ESS OF JEWICK.—A lawyer by the name of End, received the appointment of Justice of Peace and soon after, a wit wrote on the door of his office, "Here justice comes to an *End.*"

☞ Dear Sir,—I purpose to tax female beauty and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very generously.

☞ Auctioneers are wonderful strong men, as they will sometimes knock down the largest brick of store buildings with a single blow of the hammer.

☞ A man who kept a tippling house, asked his neighbor what he should put upon his sign? "Write," said his neighbor, "Entertainment for man and beast."

☞ The old joke is not a bad one about the corporal's wife, who said to the general's lady,—" He's a fine man, ma'am, and a darling corporal he is."

☞ A dense east editor says there is a gal in his section with a breath so sweet that they talk of building it down her mouth.

☞ Why is a man with his eyes shut like an ignorant schoolmaster? Because he keeps his pupils in the dark.

☞ Where there's a will there's a way, as the woman said when she wiped the dishes with the door mat.

HORN.—A sentiment expressed in the way of a drag'l tail, which has got a hole in it.

☞ "That's into him," as the oyster said when he was swallowed.

☞ If you *beat* me I will call out the soldiers, says the drum.

☞ "You'll break my heart," as the oak said to the axe.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 18, 7, 6, 12, is a town in Ohio.
My 10, 8, 1, 11, is a town in South America.
My 7, 3, 16, 5, 1, is a town in New Orleans.
My 13, 9, 2, 3, 7, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 16, 15, 1, 2, is a river in Carolina.
My 4, 5, 6, 17, 7, 15, is a town in South America.
My 16, 15, 11, 2, is a river in Europe.
My whole is the name of a distinguished General who served in the Revolution.

T. H.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MESSRS EDITORS.—Below I send you a copy of a conversation of letters, which, by beginning at the centre letter and reading either way to the end, will be found to be a letter of the contracts, well-spell Saturday Evening Post.

S. H. ROGERS.

T	O	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N	G	P	O	S	T			
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